

which offers additional tools to States to enable them to preserve these public use airports. I am hopeful this program will be used to keep these important facilities for general aviation, corporate, and agricultural uses, and the medevac and firefighting uses which depend on sufficient airport facilities to continue to operate.

I commend the chairman of the Commerce Committee, Chairman MCCAIN, for working with me on this provision.

I yield the floor and suggest the absence of a quorum.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will call the roll.

The assistant legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mr. FRIST. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be rescinded.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. ENSIGN). Without objection, it is so ordered.

OFFICE OF COMPLIANCE MEETING CANCELLATION

Mr. STEVENS. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the attached statement from the Office of Compliance be printed in the RECORD today pursuant to section 303(b) of the Congressional Accountability Act of 1995 (2 U.S.C. 1383(b)).

There being no objection, the material was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

U.S. CONGRESS,
OFFICE OF COMPLIANCE,
Washington, DC, November 20, 2003.

Hon. TED STEVENS,
Speaker of the House, House of Representatives,
Washington, DC.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT: A Notice of Proposed Rulemaking (NPR) for amendments to the Procedural Rules of the Office of Compliance was published in the Congressional Record dated September 4, 2003. Subsequent to the publication of this notice, this office announced a hearing for public comment on the proposed amendments in the Congressional Record on October 15, 2003.

The Board of Directors of the Office of Compliance cancels the hearing regarding the proposed amendments to the Procedural Rules of the Office of Compliance which had been scheduled for December 2, 2003, at 10 a.m. in room SD-342 of the Dirksen Senate Office Building.

We request that this notice of cancellation be published in the Congressional Record. Any inquiries regarding this notice should be addressed to the Office of Compliance at our address below, or by telephone at 202-724-9250, TTY 202-426-1665.

Sincerely,

SUSAN S. ROBFOGEL,
Chair.

TRIBUTE TO CPL RODNEY "JIMMY" ESTES II

Mr. MCCONNELL. Mr. President, I rise today to pay tribute to a brave young man who just returned from a tour of duty in Iraq. Rodney "Jimmy" Estes II is from my hometown of Louisville, KY. A few months ago, Jimmy was dressed in fatigues fighting the war on terror in the Iraqi desert. But

today, you can find him wearing red and white and playing football for the University of Louisville Cardinals—my favorite team.

Jimmy Estes, a 1998 graduate of St. Xavier High School, turned down a football scholarship to Georgetown College to follow in his grandfather's footsteps—to serve in the U.S. Marine Corps. The day after graduation, he left Kentucky for boot camp at Parris Island. And on January 7, 2003, Jimmy was called to active duty.

As a member of the Alpha Company, 8th Tank Battalion, Jimmy was on the front lines in An Nasiriyah, Iraq. During his time in the country, he experienced some of the war's most intense fighting. In his tank, he worked as the loader and operated the 240-millimeter gun on top of the vehicle. Jimmy and his comrades are unsung heroes in one of our troops' finest hours. They were the lead tank in the rescue mission of PVT Jessica Lynch.

To pass the hours in Iraq, Jimmy played football with his fellow soldiers, reminding him of his lifelong dream—to play football for the University of Louisville Cardinals. Following his tour of duty, which ended this past May, Jimmy returned home and enrolled at U of L. Determined to play football, Jimmy spent his summer preparing to try out for one of four walk-on positions. And just like on the battlefield, Jimmy succeeded. Not only is he a wide receiver on his university's football team, he also continues to serve his Nation as a Marine reservist.

Jimmy's bravery, humility, and determination should be commended. On behalf of this grateful Nation, I ask my colleagues to join me in thanking Corporal Estes for his dedicated service. As a proud U of L alum and most importantly, a football fan, I wish Jimmy and his teammates a winning season. Go Cards!

I ask unanimous consent that the article, "For Jimmy Estes, that was war; this is football" from my hometown paper, The Courier-Journal, be printed in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the material was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

[From the Louisville Courier-Journal, Oct. 10, 2003]

FOR JIMMY ESTES, THAT WAS WAR; THIS IS FOOTBALL
(By Pat Forde)

The war wasn't so bad until bedtime.

Jimmy Estes spent the dusty desert days in the company of his M1A1 Abrams tank crew or with the other members of Alpha Company, 8th Tank Battalion. On the dull days the Marines opened care packages or talked about family, sports and what they'd give for cold water and hot showers. On the deadly days they went out and killed Iraqis because it was their job, and when the battles around An Nasiriyah were done, the soldiers reshaped them in detached terms.

But at the end of the day, when Cpl. Rodney J. Estes II would lie down and stare up at the inky Arabian night, he was alone with the whole thing. It was just him and the horror: the dead women and children, the dogs tugging at corpses, the Iraqis he personally

shot in combat, the bullets they shot at him that pinged off the tank's armor.

It was just him and the heroism: Estes and his mates rode the lead tank on the famous Jessica Lynch rescue mission, laying down fire and securing the perimeter before Army Rangers and Navy SEALs went into Saddam Hussein General Hospital to retrieve America's most famous POW.

He took all of it to bed with him.

"Those were some lonely nights," Estes said.

It was during those lonely nights that he made a vow: "If I get out of here and make it home alive, I'm going to do it."

Go to college. And play football. For his hometown team, the University of Louisville.

Today Jimmy Estes is alive and well and a 23-year-old walk-on wide receiver for the Cardinals.

He saw enough death in the desert to learn that dreams can come with an expiration date—probably not one of your choosing. A young man who had drifted along without plan or purpose since graduating from St. Xavier High School in 1998 had an epiphany in Iraq.

"Absolutely, it changed me," said Estes, who hadn't played organized football in six years. "I kind of piddled around at jobs here and there, not anything I'd call a career. If I hadn't gotten deployed, to be honest, I don't know where I'd be right now."

"I don't take things for granted like I used to. I realize how lucky I am. I realize life can end."

Now his life is just restarting. He is a justice administration major in the classroom, with designs on becoming a football coach. On the field he is a humble freshman who hasn't even dressed out for a game.

Yet there is no bigger hero in the U of L football program.

Said offensive lineman Will Rabatin, Estes' friend since grade school: "I'm proud to know him."

No more proud than Estes is to have this long-shot college football experience. Think of all the coddled athletes out there, complaining that a full ride isn't enough. Then listen to Estes, who's been through more than those guys can ever imagine and now cherishes the chance to pay his way through college and play on the scout team.

"He's just a great kid to have around," said offensive coordinator and wide receivers coach Paul Petrino. "Every day when we start out doing ball drills, he has a lot of enthusiasm, a lot of fire. You can tell he loves being here."

"I look forward to going out there every day," Estes said. "I really appreciate the opportunity. It's just so great to be a part of it."

In the weeks before the invasion of Iraq, the Marines played touch football in Kuwait all the time. Tankers against tank maintenance. In combat boots. In the desert.

Talk about your sandlot games.

For Estes, this was a continuation of his life long love of sports. When he played flag football in grade school, all the kids on the sidelines were squirting each other with water bottles, oblivious to the game. Jimmy was running the sidelines, keeping pace with the action and imploring his coaches to put him in.

When he was 6 he persuaded his father, Rodney, a retired Louisville police officer, to get him out of school early for the first two days of the NCAA basketball tournament. Jimmy sat in front of the television from noon until midnight each day, transfixed.

At age 7 he was reading Sports Illustrated cover to cover.

Later on he played at St. Martha for Rabatin's father, once catching the winning